

Sound Sleep by **MeOw9371**

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I OWN NOTHING

It'd been a few months since the last Upside Down incident, around Christmas time. I couldn't help but reflect on how things were last winter, when I was trying my very hardest to pretend things could go back to how they were, back to normal. I was still Steve's girlfriend and we were carefree high school students. Flash forward and here I am now, a high school student traumatized by what she had seen from another world. And instead of Steve Harrington by my side, it was Jonathan Byers, the loner, my fellow monster hunting partner, the one who helped me bring Barbra the justice she deserved, the one I wanted to be with the most.

I was at the Byers' house, as I normally was these days, in Jonathan's room, lounging on his bed. I had become so used to his cluttered room and with the comfort of that bed, it was almost astounding. Jonathan was working on some homework assignment he had, so it'd been quite most of the time, but I didn't mind. I've found his quite more and more comforting the more time I spent with him. I would usually take this time to observe him, something that Jonathan, as a photographer, was much better at than I was, but I wanted so badly to try and perceive things the way he would, so I observed.

His dark eyes were studious and attentive on his paper, his long fingers clutching his pencil as he wrote across the page, his bangs pulled to the side of his face so they wouldn't go into his eyes. And his eyes, with their dark circles and bags, he wasn't getting enough sleep. Noticing that, I wanted to pull him down to the bed with me that instant and make him rest. I know he has trouble sleeping at night, almost to the point of insomnia. He noticed my observation then and turned his chair towards me.

"Something you wanna tell me?" he asked playfully, but lightly, in that awkward Jonathan way of his. This still managed to send the butterflies into flight in my stomach. It always did when he looked my way.

I got up then and walked to him, putting my hands on the sides of his head so he was looking at me, and gently traced under his eyes with my fingers. "You haven't been sleeping" I stated quietly.

He must have seen the concern in my eyes because he gently wrapped his fingers around my arms and slowly moved them on top of mine and said "looks like you haven't been, either" a notch quieter than me, almost a whisper. There was concern in his eyes and his voice.

Thinking back, I really haven't been sleeping well these past few months. Sometimes, Barb would come back to me in my dreams, or I would be back in the Upside Down again, or back in the shed with Will, Jonathan and Joyce, or in the Byers' living room with Jonathan, monster hunting again.

"I'm fine" I lied, looking away from him, trying to hide my face so that I gave nothing away, but something tells me he caught on anyway. "you're the one I'm concerned about, you need to catch up on sleep. It's not good if you don't get enough sleep, Jonathan" I turned back to him so that I could look him in the eye, hoping that it would come across as being a serious subject.

He just sighed heavily and kissed my forehead, as if that one action alone was going to change his sleeping habits. Then he pulled him and I away from the chair and to towards his bed.

"What are you doing?" I asked, a little confused, but understood once the words were out of my mouth.

"Resting" he said simply and gave me a half smile. I got with the program and let him gently drag me along with him the rest of the way to his bed. As soon as we were there, he lifted his comforter around us and above our bodies, wrapping his arms around my small frame in the process. I relaxed into him and felt warm myself warm up. It was more than feeling warm on a cold day, though. It was a feeling that was even different than anything I had ever felt with Steve. His warmth was always comforting, and safe, and genuine. There was something so sweet about it, unlike any kind of warmth I've felt from anyone else besides Jonathan.

It didn't take much after that for us to be completely out of it. And as we lay there, sleeping, undisturbed while I was wrapped in Jonathan's embrace, it was the sweetest, soundest sleep we both had gotten in a long time.